TLE PATER NOSTER . . .

THOR PACKMAN DATE 1624

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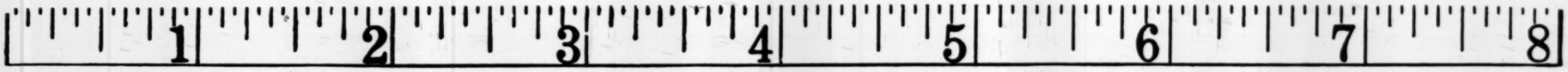

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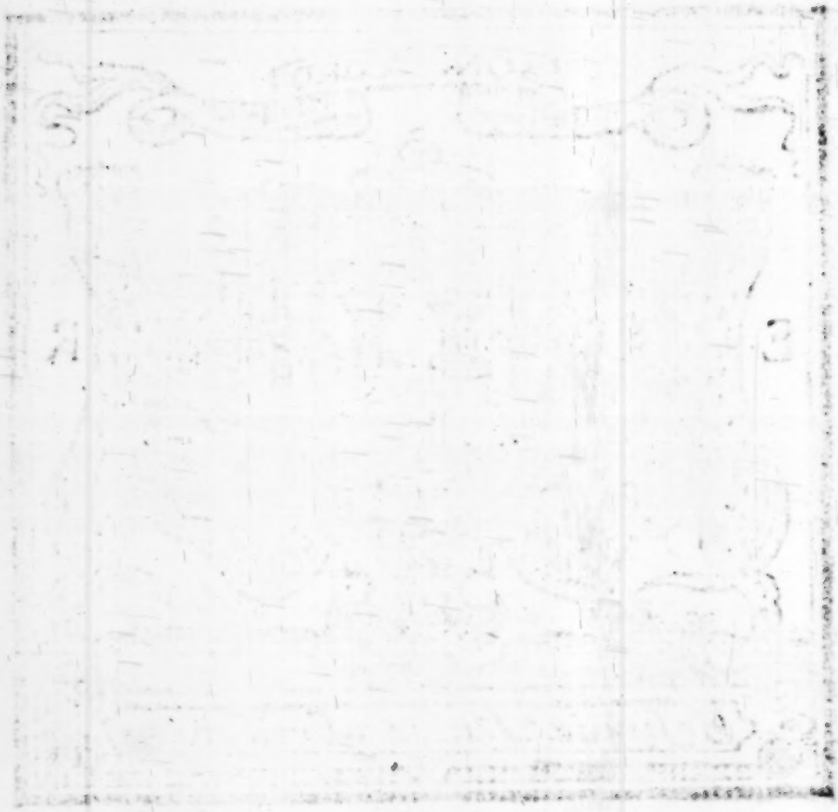
THE PACK-MANS PATER NOSTER,

OR

A Dialogue betwixt A Chapman and a Prieſt.

Newlie tranſlated out of Dutch, by SIS.

ABERDENE,
PRINTED BY EDWARD RABAN,
for David Melvill, 1624.



A CONFERENCE

Betweene a Pedler and a Prieſt.

OR

The Packe-mans *Pater Noſter*,
That hee learn'd in a *Cloſter*:
VVhereof hee ſore repented,
And prayes it may bee prented.
Not fitting for the Schooles,
Yet Schoole-maſter of Fooles.

A POLLANDS PEDLER went vpon a day,
Vnto his Pariſh Prieſt, to learne to pray.
The Prieſt ſayd; Packe-man, thou muſt hant the Cloſter,
To learne the *Aue*, and the *Pater noſter*.

Packe-man.

NOw, good Sir Prieſt, ſaide hée, what talke is that?
I heare you ſpeake; but GOD in Heaven knowes what.

Prieſt.

It is, ſayde hee, that holie *Latine* Letter,
That pleaſeth God well, and our Ladie better.

Packe-man.

Alace, Sir Iohn, I'll never vnderſtand them:
So I muſt leaue your Prayers, as a fand them.

Prieſt.

Tuſh, tuſh, ſayes hee, if thou liſt for to liere,
Within a month I ſhall make thee parquiere.

Packe-man.

Parquiere, ſayde hée, that will bée but in ſaying;
In wozds, not ſenſe; a pzatling, not a pzaying.
Shall I (Sir Iohn) a man of perfect age,
Pzay lyke an ydle Parret in a Cage?

Prieſt.

A *Parret* can but prattle for her part,
But toward God hath neither head nor heart.

Packe-man.

And ſæing I haue head and heart to pzay,
Should not mine heart know what my tongue doth ſay?
Foz when my tongue talks, if mine heart miſcarie.
Howe quicklie may I marre your Ave Marie?
And I (Sir) having manie things to ſæke,
How ſhall I ſpeede, not knowing what I ſpeake?

Prieſt.

Becauſe that GOD all Tongues doth vnderſtand,
Yea, knowes thy verie thoughts before the hand.

Packe-man.

Then if I thinke one thing, and ſpeake another,
I will both crabb Chzift, and our Ladie His Mother.
Foz when I pzay foz making vp my Packe, man,
Pour Ave Marie is not wozth a Placke, man.

Prieſt.

Thy *Latine* Prayers are but generall heades,
Contayning everie ſpeciall that thou needes:
The *Latine* ſerues vs for a *Liturgie*,
As Medciners direct the *Chirurgie*.
And in this language *Meſſe* is ſayde and ſung.
For private thinges pray in thy mother tongue.

Packe-man.

Then muſt I haue a tongue (Sir Iohn) foz eyther;
One foz the Mother, another foz the Father.

Prieſt.

Thinkſt thou the Mother doth not know ſuch ſmall things?
Chriſt is her Sonne, man, and Hee telles her all things.

Packe-

A Cramer and a Prieſt.

Packe-man.

But (good Sir Iohn) where learn'd our Ladie her Latines?
For in her dayes were neither Meſſe nor Matines:
Nor yet one Prieſt that Latine then did ſpeake:
For holie words were then all *Hebrew* and Greecke.
Shee never was at Rome, nor kiſt Popes feete:
How came ſhee by the Meſſe, then, would I wit?

Prieſt.

Packe-man, if thou belieue the *Legendarie*,
The *Meſſe* is elder farre than Chriſt or *Marie*:
For all the Patriarks, both more and leſſe,
And great *Melchiſedec* himſelfe ſayde *Meſſe*.

Packe-man.

But (good Sir Iohn) ſpake all theſe Fathers Latine?
And ſayde they Meſſe in Surplices and Satine?
Could they ſpeake Latine long yer Latine grew?
And without Latine no Meſſe can bee true.
And as for Heretickes that now tranſlate it.
Falſe Miſcreants; they ſhame the Meſſe, and ſlate it.

Prieſt.

Well (*Packe-man*) fayth thou art too curious;
Thy ſpur-blinde zeale; fervent, but furious.
I rather teach a whole Coven of *Monkes*;
Than ſuch a *Packe-man*, with his *Puritane* ſpunkes.
This thou muſt know, that cannot bee denyed,
Rome rang over all when Chriſt was crucifyed:
Rome Ethnicke then: but afterwardes converted,
And grew ſo honeſt, and ſo holie hearted:
That now her Emprour is turn'd in our *Pope*,
His *Holineſſe*; as you haue heard, I hope.
Hee made a law, that all the world ſhould pray,
In *Latine* language to the Lord each day:
Therefore of this thou mayſt bee ſure and ſickar,
The *Pope* of *Rome* is now made Chriſts full *Vicar*.

Packe-man.

Surelie this purpoſe puts mée farre abacke,
And hath moe Poyntes than Pinnes in all my Packe:
What ever power you giue to your Pope,
Yée may not make a man an Ape, I hope.

And if hee bee full Vicar to our LORD,
Should not his wozds and CHRISTS keepe one accozd?

Prieſt.

Doubtleſſe they doe: and never are contrarie,
In PATER NOSTER, CREED, nor AVE MARIE.

Packe-uan.

But Chziſts Diſciples, when they made their motion
To Chziſt their Maſter, how to make devotion,
As I haue done to you, Sir Iohn, to day,
I pzay you, in what Tongue bade Hee them pzay?
Chziſt did not one wozd Latine to them ſpeake:
Their talke was all in Syriacke, Hebrew, Greecke.
Hee bade all Nations pzay after one manner;
But bade not all take Latine foz their Banner.
Your Latine is but one of the Tranſlations:
Why ſhould it then exclude all other Nations?

¶ And, on my Soule, Sir Iohn, if I but ſay,
In mine owne Mother-tongue, when I doe pzay,
Lozd, helpe mee; Lozd, fozgiue mee all my Sinnes:
Yea, why not, Lozd, increaſe my Packe and Pinnes?
And everie thing where-of I ſtand in neede:
Foz this dependes vpon Our Daylie Bread.
I hope in GOD, that Hee ſhall as ſone heare mee,
As all the Latine Pzayers you can leare mee.
And ſince ſome Tongues haue moze Antiquitie
Than Latine, were it not iniquitie
To fozce all People to pzay lyke the Pope?
No, good Sir Iohn, you'll not ſay that, I hope.

Prieſt.

But, Packe-man, one poynt would I faine make playne:
Let vs come backe, vnto our Ladie agayne.
And if thou hadſt as much capacitie,
As roaving wit, with great audacitie,
The caſe is cleare, that Virgine *Marie* meeke,
Shee could all Languages perfectlie ſpeake.
Haſt thou not heard, man, how the holie Ghoſt
Came downe lyke cloven tongues at *Pentecoſt*?

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And fill'd the houſe where all the twelue were readie:
And one tongue truelie lighted on our Ladie.
And leſt thou thinke I talke of ydle *Themes*,
Conſult the reverend *Ieſuites* of * *Rhemes*. * Vpon Act. 2. 4.
And this I pray thee, Packe-man, earneſtlie note.

Packe-man.

In ſayth, Sir Iohn, it is not woꝛth a Groate.
Will I belieue't, thinke yee, becauſe they ſay it?

Prieſt.

No: but they proue't, as no man can denay it.
Sayth not the Text, that when the Lord aſcended,
* Vnto the twelue Hee earneſtlie recommended, * Act. 1. 4.
That from *Ieruſalem* they ſhould not goe,
Vntill the Comforter ſhould come? And ſo,
Into an vpper roome they went together,
Where * *Marie* ſtill was one, yee muſt conſider. * Act. 1. 12. 13. 14.
With manie moe, in number full * ſixe ſcore, * Verſ. 15.
That with the twelue did daylie GOD adore.
And then hee ſayth, When * *Pentecoſt* was come, * Act. 2. 1.
They were together in one place, all, and ſome.
And *(*All*) were filled with the Holie Ghoſt. * Verſ. 4.

Packe-man.

O, good Sir Iohn, yee count without your Hoſt.
Now ſee I well, your Ieſuiticall tongues
Haue cloven the Text, even to the verie lungues.
That *(All) which firſt was ſpoken of ſire ſcoꝛe, * Act. 1. 15.
* Is heere meant of the onelie twelue, no moꝛe. * Act. 2. 4.
Noꝛ Marie is not named now, as then.
What neede wee then belieue it, Holie man?
On with your Spectacles (Sir Iohn) and reade,
And credite this, as a point of your Creede.
The Holie Ghoſt could fall vpon no moꝛe,
Than hee was pꝛomiſed vnto beſoꝛe.
Doubtleſſe hee toke not a blinde-folded flight,
Lyke ſyled Larkes, not knowing where to light.
Now, hee was pꝛomiſde * onelie to the twelue. * Act. 1. 7.
Loke on the Text (Sir Iohn) and judge your ſelue.
Speake man, and bee not ſilent: I am ſoꝛie,
To ſee you ignoꝛant of ſuch a Stoꝛie.

¶ And as the ſtoꝛies in themſelues are diuers,
Flowing and falling into ſundꝛie Riuers:
In diuers Chapters * ſo they ſtand diuided,
So that the caſe may clearelie bée decided.
Foꝛ when thoſe fiue ſcoꝛe were at firſt conueaned,
There was another myſterie then meaned:
To wit, Matthias fræe election.
And ſo Sainct Peter gaue direction,
That (All) the fiue ſcoꝛe there ſhould beare recoꝛd
Of their pꝛocædings then beforꝛe the Loꝛd.
The chooſing of a Paſtoꝛ was in hand:
Which without the Churches knowledge cannot ſtand.
And ſo Matthias thꝛough the power of Heaven,
By * lot was helde as one of the eleven.
Then ſayes the Text: * All theſe were ſtill together.
What (All) theſe were, let anie man conſider.
The twelue, ſay I, in the laſt verſe beforꝛe:
And not make leape-yeare of eleven verſe moꝛe,
To dꝛaw (All) backe to thoſe hundꝛeth and twentie.
Indæde this way wæ ſhould haue tongues in plentie.
And as they differ by twelue verſe oꝛ lynes,
So are they ten dayes different in tymes.
The firſt, vpon the day that Chꝛiſt aſcended,
The other, when the Holie Ghoſt deſcended.
Such glazen Arguments will byde none Hammer:
Foꝛ they are but ill Logicke, and woꝛſe Grammer.
So onelie twelue recieu'd the Holy Ghoſt.
And ſo our Ladie all her tongues hath loſt.

* To wit, the firſt and ſecond Chapters.

* Act. 1. 26.

* And 2. 1.

¶ Now foꝛ the Holie Ghoſt, Sir Iohn, yée know,
His comming downe is tyed to no law:
Some tymes inuiſible, and ſome tymes ſæne.
As diuerſlie at diuers tymes hath bæne.
His comming nædes but to bée ſæne of few.
His woꝛks may ſerue foꝛ witneſſes anew.
And ſo Saint Paul himſelfe this gift hæ fand,
But pꝛiuatelie by Ananias hand.

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A Cramer and a Prieſt.

¶ And ſo (Sir Iohn) to ſhow you all my Packe,
And let you ſée my breaſt as well as backe:
I wonder yée conſider not the Ende,
Why God the Holie Ghoſt, in Tongues did ſende.
Know yée not, Tongues were onelie given for teaching?
Know yée not, Women are forbidden preaching?
Yea, ſcarce at home haue libertie of ſpœch;
But aſke their huſbands, and they for to teach.
Since Women then in Gods word may not walke,
What ſhould they doe with Tongues that may not talke?

¶ And then (Sir Iohn) what worſhip doe yée win
Vnto our Ladie, when yée bring her in,
Iacke-fellow-lyke with other whole fire ſcore,
Who got the Holie Ghoſt, and ſhée no more?
And where the Pope hath made her Queene of Heaven,
Yée make her but lyke one of the eleven.
Surelie (Sir Iohn) this is an ill fav'rd fitching;
Yee thruſt her from the Hall downe to the Kitching.

¶ And this is alſo one of the rare Themes,
Helde by your reverend Ieſuites of Rhemes:
* That Latine came not with the Holie Ghoſt,
When the cloven tongues came at the Pentecoſt.
Now, if it came not by the Holie Ghoſt,
How got it all this holineſſe in haſte,
That in it onelie, and none other Tongue,
Both Meſſe and Matines ſhould bee ſayde and ſung?
Your laſt refuge will bee vnto the Pope;
So knit vp all together in one Rope.

* 1 Cor. 14.

¶ Then, good Sir Iohn, conſider but a little,
How yee giue vnto Marie manie a title:
Whereof yee haue no warrant in the Word;
And yet purſue vs both with fire and ſword,
As Hereticks, for not doing as yee-doe:
Yet what the Word bids, and no more, that wee-doe.
Thinke yee that anie man can bee ſo mad,
As to holde Chriſt, his Saviour; and ſo bad.

As to holde Marie for his Saviours Mother,
And not to loue that woman boue all other?
Wee loue her then, tho wee believe not in her;
Nor by Will-worship thinke wee for to win her.
Wee holde her blessed, for Christs Flesh conceiving,
But farre more blessed, for Christs Fayth receiving:
Shee is His Mother; and the Church, His Wyfe;
Which was to Him much dearer than His Lyfe.
So if the one could fall out with the other,
Yee would respect His Wyfe, more than His Mother.
For this is everie Spouses carriage;
But moste, in this Spirituall Marriage.
And as shee's Mother of His humane lyfe,
Shee's but a Daughter of His Heavenlie Wyfe.
And by this Mother, member of Christs Bodie.
Who thinkes not so, is but a verie Noddie.
All this (Sir Iohn) I doe but briefelie say;
To let you see, that yee play vs foule play.

Priest.

Well Packe-man, tho thou beare about that Trunke,
I feare thou bee but some forlopen Monke,
Of *Luthers* lore, or crooked *Calvines* Crew;
And sent abroade, such businesse to brew:
Transformed in the person of some Pedler.

Packe-man.

No, good Sir Iohn, in fayth I am no medler,
Nor haue I mynde nor meanes so high to mount:
I can but reade a little, and lay a Count.
And seeke my meate through manie an vncouth Maison:
I know not what yee call your Kyrie-laison.
So helpe mee God, Sir Iohn, I know no better,
Nor in your Latine can I reade one letter.
I but believe in God: and sometyme say,
Christ helpe mee, when I wander out the way.
And so, what ever I haue, what ever I want,
I neither pray to Yee, nor to Shee Saint.

¶ And as for Tongues, I haue but one, no more:
And wit yee well, albeit I had ten score,

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A Cramer and a Prieſt.

I would vſe all conforme to Paules commanding:
Pray with my tongue, pray with mine vnderſtanding.
Thinke ye thoſe twelue, when they recieu'd theſe tongues,
Did talke like Parrets, or like barrell bungues:
Yeelding a ſound, not knowing what they ſayde?
Ydle in preaching, ydler when they prayde.
No, each of them knew well what hee did ſay:
And why not wee, Sir Iohn, as well as they?
For ſince all men haue one tongue at command,
Should wee ſeeke tongues wee doe not vnderſtand?
Alas, Sir Iohn, had I beene trayn'd at Schoole,
As I am but a ſimple ignorant foole,
An hundreth Queſtions more I might haue moued,
But heere I ceaſe, fearing to bee reproued:
For theſe few doubts I learn'd in diuers places,
Thinking, yee Clergie-men would cleare all caſes.

Prieſt.

Now, Packe-man, I confeſſe thou puts mee to it:
But one thing I will tell thee, if thou'lt doe it:
Thou ſhalt come to our holie *Pryor*, Packe-man,
And hee perhaps will buy all on thy backe, man:
And teach thee better how to pray than anie,
For ſuch an holie man there are not manie.
Bee here to morne, juſt betweene ſixe and ſeaven,
And thou wilt finde thy ſelfe halfe way to Heaven.

Packe-man.

Content, ſaid hee, but there is ſome-thing more,
I muſt haue your opinion in before:
In-caſe the holie Pryor haue no leaſure,
To ſpeake of everie purpoſe at our pleaſure,
There was but one tongue at the birth of Abel,
And manie at the building vp of Babel:
A wicked worke, which God would haue confounded.
But when Chriſt came, all tongues againe reſounded,
To build His Church, by His Apoſtles teaching.
Why not in praying, as well as in preaching?
Since praying is the true and full perfection,
Of holie ſervice; Saving your correction.

So if our Lord to mine owne tongue bee readie,
What neede I then with Latine trouble our Ladie?
Or if both in my prayers must bee in,
I pray thee tell mee at whom to begin?
And to pray joyntlie to them both as one,
Your Latine prayers then are clearelie gone:
For PATER NOSTER never will accord
With her: nor AVE MARIE with our LORD.
If I get him, what neede I seeke another?
Or dare hee doe nothing without his Mother?
And this (Sir Iohn) was once in question,
Disputed long with deepe digestion;
Whether the Pater Noster should bee sayde,
To God, or to our Ladie, when they prayde?
When Master Mare of learn'd diversitie;
Of Saint Andrewes. Was Rector of our* Vniversitie,
They sate so long, they coled all their Raile,
Untill the Master Cokes heard of the Tale:
Who lyke a mad man ranne amongst the Clergie,
Crying with manie a Domine me asperge:
To giue the Pater Noster to the Father,
And to our Ladie giue the Avies rather.
And lyke a Welsh-man swore by great Saint Davies,
Shee might content her well with Creedes and Avies.
And so the Clergie fearing more confusion,
Were all contented with the Cokes Conclusion.

Priest.

Packe-man, this Tale is coyned of the new.

Packe-man.

Sir Iohn, I'll quite the Packe, if't bee not true.

¶ Againe, Sir Iohn, yee learned Monks may reade,
How Christ Himselfe taught vs of His owne head:
That everie soule that was with sinne oppress,
Should come to Him, and Hee would giue them rest.
Come all to Mee (sayth Hee) not to another.
Come all to Mee (sayth Hee) not to My Mother.
And if I doe all as the Lord commanded,
I hope her Ladiship will not withstand it.

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And ſo, Sir Iohn, if I ſhould ſpeake in Latine,
Vnto the Lord at Even-tong, and at Matine,
And never vnderſtand what I were ſaying,
Thinke yee the Lord would take this for true praying?
No, that yée cannot: for yée may conſider,
My tongue and heart ſhould pray to God together.

¶ And hérewpon yée ſhall heare what befell,
To certaine Clerkes, that Latine well could ſpell:
With whome by chance I lodged at an Inne;
Where an olde Wyfe vpon a Rocke did ſpinne.
And towardes evening ſhee fell to, and prayde:
But neither they, nor I, knew what ſhee sayde.
One sayde, the Carling counterfets the Canting.
Another sayd, It's but the Matrons manting.
Some call'd it Gibbers, others call'd it Clavers.
And ſtill the Carling ſpeakes, and ſpinnes, and flavers.
Now, good Sir Iohn; what thinke yee of this huſſie?
Where was her heart, when her hands were ſo buſie?
In ende, one ſaide, Dame, wot yee what yee say?
No, not, sayeth ſhee, but well I wot I pray.
Yee pray, sayd hee, and wots not what, I grant:
Alace, how can yee bee ſo ignorant?
The Matron muſing little at the motion,
Sayde, Ignorance is Mother of Devotion
Then Dame, sayd hee, if Ignorance bee the Mother,
Darkeneſſe muſt bee the Daughter, and none other.
Prayde yee, sayde hee, when all the time yee ſpan?
What recke of that? sayth ſhee, God's a good Man,
And vnderſtands all that I say in Latine:
And this I doe at Even-ſong and at Matine.
Alace, Sir Iohn, was not this Wyfe abuſed,
Whoſe ſoule and ſenſes all were ſo confuſed?
You know theſe vnknowne tongues can profite no man:
And one tongue is enough for anie Woman.
But when one prayes in true ſinceritie,
As God commandes, in Spirite and Veritie;
The heart ſends vp the Tongue as Meſſenger,
Vnto the Lord a pleaſant Paſſenger.

Prieſt.

But, Packe-man, heere's a prettie little Booke,
Where-in if thou wilt liſten for to looke;
Set out by a true Catholicke Divine,
And out of doubt will ſettle thine ingine.
Fayth, reade it, Packe-man, for it is but little.
Printed 1623. * *The Gadge of the new Goſpel*, is its Title.
Luke, 1. 9. 10. Hee clearelie prooues, by * *Zacharies* exemple,
When hee did ſacrifice (*Within*) the Temple,
And all the people ſtoode and prayde (*Without*)
They knew not then what tongue hee ſpake, no doubt.
Ergo, the *Meſſe* may both bee ſayde and ſung,
In other language than in Mother-tongue.

Packe-man.

Sir Iohn, I ſee your holie Catholicke,
Upon the Trueth hath put a prettie tricke.
Of Au. Haue yee not heard this Proverbe oft tymes ſounded,
Homo qui male audit, male rotundit?
So if the people heard not what hee ſayde,
How could they know in what language hee prayde?
Since vnderſtanding commeth by the eare,
Yee cannot vnderſtand that doth not heare.
Or how prooues this, that Zacharie the Prieſt,
Spake Latine, then, the language of the Beaſt?
Were anie Liturgies vnder the Law,
But in that tongue that all the Iewes did know?
What ever hee ſpake, himſelfe ſure vnderſtood it:
And ſo, your Catholicke hath ill concluded:
Becauſe a learned Prieſt may pray in Latine,
And mumble over his Even-ſong, Meſſe, and Matine.
Ergo, a Packe-man to the Lord may pray,
And never know a ſyllabe hee doth ſay.
For when yee put mee to my Pater Noſter,
I ſeeke an Egg, and yee giue mee an Oſter.
And ſo, Sir Iohn, I haue giuen you a Wadge,
That's good enough for your *New Goſpels Gadge*.

¶ Laſt: ſinse wee ſay that God is good to ſpeake to,
Who will both heare our Text, and heare our æke to:

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What if Hee anſwere mee in Latine tongue;
Where-in I pray, and where-in Meſſe is ſung?
I muſt ſay, Lord, I wot not what Thou ſayeſt;
And Hee'll ſay, Fole, thou wotſt not what thou prayeſt.
Even, Lord, ſay I, as good Sir Iohn did teach mee.
Sir Iohn, ſayth Hee, a Prieſt vnmeete to preach Hee:
Or in your meſhant mouthes once for to name Hee;
with different tongues & hearts. Such locke ſuch * lamie.
For tho I know moe tongues than yee can tell,
Falſe Knaues, ſhould yee not vnderſtand your ſell?
Gaue I you not a tongue as well as heart,
That both to Hee ſhould play an afolde part?
But lyke two double Devils yee haue diſſembled.
At this Sir Iohn hee quaked, and hee trembled,
And ſayde, Good Packe-man, thou art ſo quicke witted,
Vnto the Pryor all muſt bee remitted.

* So was the Packe-man named.

¶ And ſo the Packe-man paſt vnto his Lodging,
Having with-in his heart great griefe and grudging.
Some-tymes hee doubted, if the Monkes were men,
Or Monſters: for his lyfe hee could not ken.
Yee ſayde, Sir Iohn was a faire fat fed Ore.
Some-tyme hee thought hee looked lyke Iohn Knoxe.
But Knoxe was better verſt into the Byble;
A ſtudie that Sir Iohn helde verie vile.
They diue not deepe into Divinitie,
And trouble them little with the Trinitie:
And are more learned in the Legendarie,
In lyues of Saincts, and of the Ladie Marie.
The onelie Idole they embrace and kiſſe a,
Is to proue ſervants vnto Miſtreſſe Miſſa.
With ſuch conceites the Packe-man paſt the night,
With little ſleepe, vntill it was day light.

¶ And by the peepe of day hee earelie roſe,
And trimd him fynelie in his holie dayes Hoſe:
And to Sir Iohns owne Chamber ſtraight hee went;
Who was attending. So with one aſſent,

They hyed them to the Pryor both in hatte;
To whom Sir Iohn began to giue a tatte,
Of all the Queſtions that had paſt amang them.
Hee call'd them Heretickes, both, and vowd to hang them.
With that the Packe-man hurled throw the Cloſter,
And there hee met with an ill fauourd Foſter:
Who quickelie twind him, and all on his backe:
And then hee learnd to pray, Shame fall the packe:
For if they haue not freed mee of my ſinne,
They ſende mee lighter out, than I came in.
And ſtill hee cryde, Shame fall both Monks and Frayers,
For I haue loſt my Packe, and learnd no Prayers.
So farewell Ave, Creed, and Pater Noſter:
I'll pray 'n my Mother-tongue, and quyte the Cloſter.

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